Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. In sooth you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Def. I nere saw this before:
Sure ther's some wonder in this handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Def. How now good *Cassio*, whats the newes with you?
Cas. Madam my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That not my seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Def. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred:
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Def. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cipres* to him.
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I find, I had suborned the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.
Def. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Def. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *Exeunt* Desd. *and* Emillia.

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